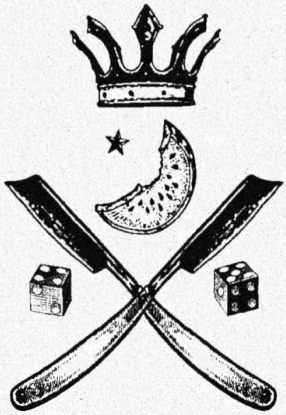
THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

3

THE NEW MINSTREL REVIEW

EDITED BY

ABEED FREEMAN



DE TERD VOLUME

2025

TERD

TIME'S

TERD DE

TIME'S

CHAWM! DE

TERD CHAWM!

TIME'S

DE

CHAWM!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Yella Minstrel Show. 3

Classical Coon Digest. 3

Stump Speech on Weightlifting. 3

Banjo on a Budget. 3

Today's Secret Darkie. 3

New Coon Songs & Sketches. 3

CHUANG TZU

THE YELLA MINSTREL SHOW

OR

"MINSTRELSY IN THE ORIENT."

Being an adaptation of the "Zhuangzi."

By

Danny Pickledill Dabbins.

I

NOW lemme tell ya, suh," sed ol' Ziqi, sittin' all crooked-lak wit' him elbow hangin' low as a coon in a henhouse,

"Ah done lost mah foot, mah hand, mah hip done turnt 'round backwards, an' mah eye rollin' lak dice in a gamblin' shack down by de nigra quarters." His buddy, an ol' darky named Jimbo, say,

"Lawd hab mercy, wha' happen ta ya' body, Ziqi? You look lak a dead tree wit' de bark fallin' obf, or a coon wat got caught in a bear trap!"

Ziqi go an' say, "Ain't nothin' but the Great Spirit fixin' up dis ol' nigga a' new. If He say 'gimme dat arm,' I say, 'Yessuh, Massa Spirit, take it from dis po' coon.' If He slap a bird on mah elbow an' it start singin' 'Dixie' real sweet-lak—well now, dat bird gon' sing fo' all de niggas in the field!"

Jimbo eyed him an' said, "But wad if He put a mouth on yo' behind?"

Ziqi cackle an' say, "Den I reckon dis ol' nigga bes' not talk outta both ends at once, 'less I wanna be de laughin' stock frum de Yella ribba to de Mississippi!"

II

De fools tryin' too hard! Now lemme tell y'all niggas somethin' 'bout dese ol' coons tryin' too hard down on Massa's plantation. Dere's a nigga named Sambo wat done growed hisself a whole extra toe-flap, hangin' obf lak a spare pork chop at de hog-killin'! Him coon cousin, Rufus, got six fingers, lookin' lak he tryin' ta high-five de Lawd an' missed, flappin' dem paws lak a banjo-playin' darky wen de pickin's done! One ol' coon struttin' 'round wit' kindness so stiff it squeak lak Massa's ol' wagon—done tore out his own soul tryin' ta please erry-body, bowin' an' scrapin' lak he a dandyfied nigga at de white folks' ball! Another nigga, ob de name Scipio, got talk so twisted he buildin' brick walls wit' it—runnin' his mouth in circles 'bout "hard" an' "white" till folks just pass out listenin', snorin' louder'n a hog in de mud, yessuh! Dat's what happen when you force de Way—tryin' ta stretch a duck's legs long lak a stork, or cut a crane short lak a chicken, jas' ta make it match yo' ruler. You end up wit' a cryin' duck an' a crane so sad it can't sing no mo', just mopin' 'round de swamp lak a coon what lost his tail! Dese nigras fussin' 'bout wad's right n' wrong lak dey tryna unsnap dey own webbed toes—don't y'all niggas know, dem toes was growed together on purpose, lak de Lawd planned it when he made us darkies fo' de fields?

Lawdy, lawdy, y'all niggas, now lemme tell ya 'bout ol' Sambo. He passin' out acorns to dem darkies, sayin', "I'se givin' ya three in de mornin' an' four in de ebenin'" Dem monkeys got mad as a wet hen, hollerin' an' jumpin' lak dey jas learn't ta walk! Sambo, he scratch his head an' say, "A'ight, you triflin' coons, I'll give ya four in de mornin' an' three in de ebenin'!" An' dem niggas sho' wus happy as a possum wid' a stolen powkchop. Ain't nothin' added or took abay, same ol' acorns, just flipped 'round—dat's how a wise nigga lak Sambo keep de peace, goin' 'long wit' 'dis' an' 'dat' lak a banjo playin' in tune, yessuh! Now hush, niggas! Install a zippa' in dat nigga mouth!

END

eyeballs, white eyebrows, and white wool. He is a negro, with flat nose, thick lips, and mouth reaching from ear to ear. His almost giant frame is clad in a sleek suit of blue cloth, and he wears a cravat of spotless whiteness.

His auditors are not so fortunate in the way of dress. Of all colors, from jet black to chocolate-brown, they are clad in all sorts of costumes, only alike in raggedness and squalor.

This is the Black Senate, which has met for business to-night, in this den, two stories under ground. Its deliberations, in point of decorum, may well compare with some other senates,—one in especial, where 'Liar!' is occasionally called, fisticuffs exchanged, knives and pistols drawn; and it embraces representatives from all parts of the Union. Whether, like another senate, it has its dramatic characters,—its low clown, melodramatic ruffians, genteel comedian, and high tragedy hero, remains to be seen.

The very black gentleman, by the packing-box—book in one hand and paper and pencil before him—is the speaker of the house. It is our old acquaintance "ROYAL BILL," lately from South Carolina.

"The genelman frum Varginny hab de floor," said the speaker, with true parliamentary politeness.

The gentleman from Virginia was a six-foot mulatto, dressed in a ragged coat and trowsers of iron gray. As he rose there was an evident sensation; white teeth were shown, and "Go in nigga!" uttered encouragingly by more than one of the colored congressmen.

"Dis nigga rise to de point ob ordah. Dis nigga am taught a great many tings by philosopy. One day, in de 'baccy field, dis nigga says to hisself, says he, 'Dat are pig b'longs to massa, so does dis nigga. Dis nigga kill dat pig un eat 'um—dat be stealin'? Lordy Moses—no! It only be puttin' one ting dat b'longs to massa into anoder ting dat also b'longs to massa:—dat's philosopy—"

"S'pose de nigga be caught?" interrupted a colored gentleman, lighting his pipe at the red-hot stove.

"*Dat* wouldn't be philosopy," responded the gentleman from Virginia. "It aint philosopy to be caught. On de contrary it am dam foolishness."

A murmur of assent pervaded the place.

"Soh, reasonin' from de pig, dis nigga wor taught by philosopy to tink a great deal—to tink berry much;—and soh, one day de nigga got a kind o' absen' minded, and walked off, and *forgot to come back*.—Dis nigga actooaly did."

"Dat *wor* philosopy!" said a voice.

"An' as de nigga is in bad health, he am on his way to Canada, whar de climate am good for nigga's pulmonaries. An' fur fear de nigga mought hurt people's feelin', he trabels by night; an' fur fear he mought be axed questi'n which 'ud trubble him to ansaw, he carries dese sartificats—"

He showed his certificates—a revolving pistol and a knife. And each one of the colored congressmen produced certificates of a similar character from their rags.

"Lor', philosopy am a dam good ting!"

"Don't sweah, nigga!—behabe yesself!"

"Read us nuddor won ob dem good chap'er from de Bible, Mistaw Speakaw," cried a dark gentleman, addressing old Royal.—"'*Ehud, I hab a message from God to des!*' Yah-hah-hah!"

"Yah-hah-a-what!" chorused the majority of the congress, showing their teeth and shaking their woolly heads together.

"Jis tell us som'thin' more about yer ole massa, dat you lick last night," cried a voice.

"Dat am an ole story," said old Royal, with dignity. "Suffis it to say, dat about five o'clock last ebenin', I took massa Harry from de house whar he'd been licked, de night afore, and tuk him in a carriage and put 'im aboard de cars at Princeton. I gib him some brandy likewise. His back was berry sore—"

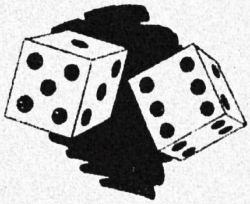
Here one of the gentlemen broke in with a parody of a well-known song—

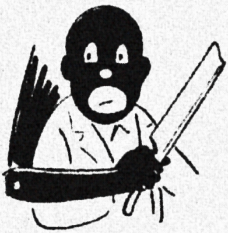
"Oh, carry me back to ole Varginy—
My back am berry sore—"

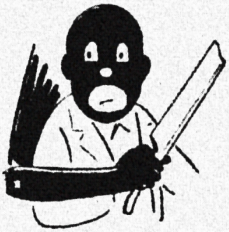
He began, in rich Ethiopian bass.

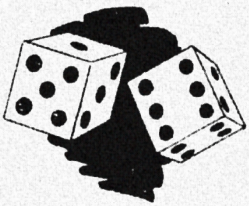
"Silence nigga!" said old Royal, sternly, yet, showing his white teeth in a broad grin. "He am in New York at the present time, at de Astor House, I 'spec'; an' de Bloodhoun' am with him—"

"De kidnapper!"









Stump Speech on Weightlifting.

By Bucky Brokenfan First'nFomost,
And Kusin Toofpaste.

Gemmen, be seated, an' den sit rite back ub! Dis wha'chu jes done is called "exer'cisin'". Dar am a' many pulemicks consernin' de exer'cise, knavely wid de liftin' ob de weights. Nowm you may ax yo'sef why a nigga wud do wohk on purpose, but I'se gwine tell you: De stronga' a nigga am, da freea' dat same nigga do become! I'ds true, kusins, id's true. See, de stronga yu is, de less wohk you ackhtually do! But dis ne-cess-pits de energee an' da prowtein. Now, dey sah a nigga need de prowtein shake! Now, "prowtein"? I sah, naw, I'se drink de possum-teen shake. See, I shake de possum an' drink wadeva' come out! . . Now, gemmen, I'se gwine introduce to you an expert in de field of de muscular, mister Bucky Brokenfan First'nFomost:

MY feller cituzins, dar am been a pernishust lie, I says, a great deeseptition, regawdin de merits and drawbacks ob dat long, heavy implint known as de bawbell. Now use a nigga who dun extra sized to get dat extra size! I'se seen many mens swear up an' down by da bawbell, inboking wateba' natty scholas day tink will be impessib nuff ta dim witted darkies who lack da fakultee of de-sarnment. I'se seen udder niggas do da same ting wit dumbells. Now dis hea nigha, dat is, meesewf, would lak to trow his straw hat in da ring, throw his ring in da hat, and den mebbe ol' Peachy Bessy gwine take to fin'lly nawtice dis po ol' nigga's affekshuns, an' take da reeng, put it on her dainty finguh, and lemme lub her! Oh silly me! I'se gettin' too far afield from da cotton at hand. Yezzuh, y'zee, I'se dun tawked to a nigga, named Jimbo, now dis nigga, him had de hairline dat look like wen Moses dun parted de waves, who declared dat cali-steniks de only mode ob exo'sahze a nigga need, and I says to him: You only tink so kase some white drash who tought you dat word, toght u dat you gots to pick yo seff by yo booty-strawps. I hab nebber seen dis nigga since! So, to summery, dar ain't no truly superiuh exercise impluh-mints. Der is only superiuh niggas, and den mos' superior niggas wouldn't lift a finga' eben if dey was getting whipped! Now dat, dat's strengf! Dats dis'plin!

BANJO ON A BUDGET

wherein an amateur minstrel man shows us how
to build a banjo with minimal skill, resources,
and no electrical tools.

INTERVIEWER: "Hallo dar."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Hello."

INTERVIEWER: "Why's you bilded de banjo, sir?"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "I couldn't get a hold of a minstrel style banjo with sufficient expedience in my part of the world."

INTERVIEWER: "So, how's you done it?"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Well, I took a cheap tambourine and found a long wooden board that had the approximate dimensions of a banjo neck. Luckily I also had some mechanical tuning pegs."

INTERVIEWER: "Tuna 'n eggs? Is you sho' you is a musician, or is you jas' hungry?"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Like I was saying, I acquired all these parts, including also a small bit of wood for the bridge, as well as some nylon fishing line I had, to use for the strings. The fishing lines is inexpensive, lasts for a long time, and gives a nice twang to the sound; many contemporary ethnic instruments utilize them."

INTERVIEWER: "Furst it was de tuna an' de egg, an' now you's gwine fishin'?"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "No, the fishing line is used for the banjo."

INTERVIEWER: "I tell you dis, mista' amatoor min'strel, I'se got me a kusin ob de name ob Yambo."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Yeah?"

INTERVIEWER: "An' he tolded dis hea darkie dat he *once went* a' fishin' wid de banjo."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "How so?"

INTERVIEWER: "Him wud play on de banjo and de fishes wud jas leap out on him."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "That's ridiculous, where was he fishing?"

INTERVIEWER: "At de fish market."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "The fish market?"

INTERVIEWER: "Ol yas, him play on de banjo so irridatin' dat dey's jas trow de fishes at him so he leave!"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "That's absurd, I don't believe anything you just said."

INTERVIEWER: "Yes'm."

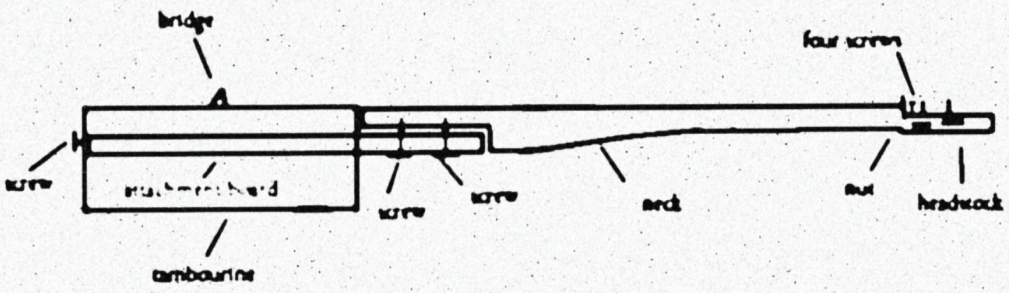
AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Anyway, I removed the tambourine jingles, then I shaped up the to-be neck with a knife and made holes for the tuning pegs, then I took another smaller piece of wood and ran it through one of the jingle openings and secured it with a screw, and then I used two more screws to attach the neck to this."

INTERVIEWER: "How'd you make de holes?"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "With a pocket knife."

INTERVIEWER: "Lawd, last time dis darkie used a knife ta make some holes,

SCHEMATIC



I'se had ta run obber de state line!"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "I didn't have any power-tools on hand, so I did it like this.

INTERVIEWER: "Wud about de nut ?"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "At first I tried the method that the old caribbean proto-banjos used, i.e. strapping the strings down with a chord at the top of the neck, but then I decided to make a little more effort and made a nut out of wood. I could not get the top of the headstock to be low enough so I put in a few screws which would pull down the strings lower when they go over the nut.

INTERVIEWER: "Das a lot of screws, boss."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Not as much as it may sound."

INTERVIEWER: "De screw has always confused and con'fabulated me."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Why's that?"

INTERVIEWER: "In de coloquitial language, when a nigga hab lost him wits, dey says 'he got a screw loose.'"

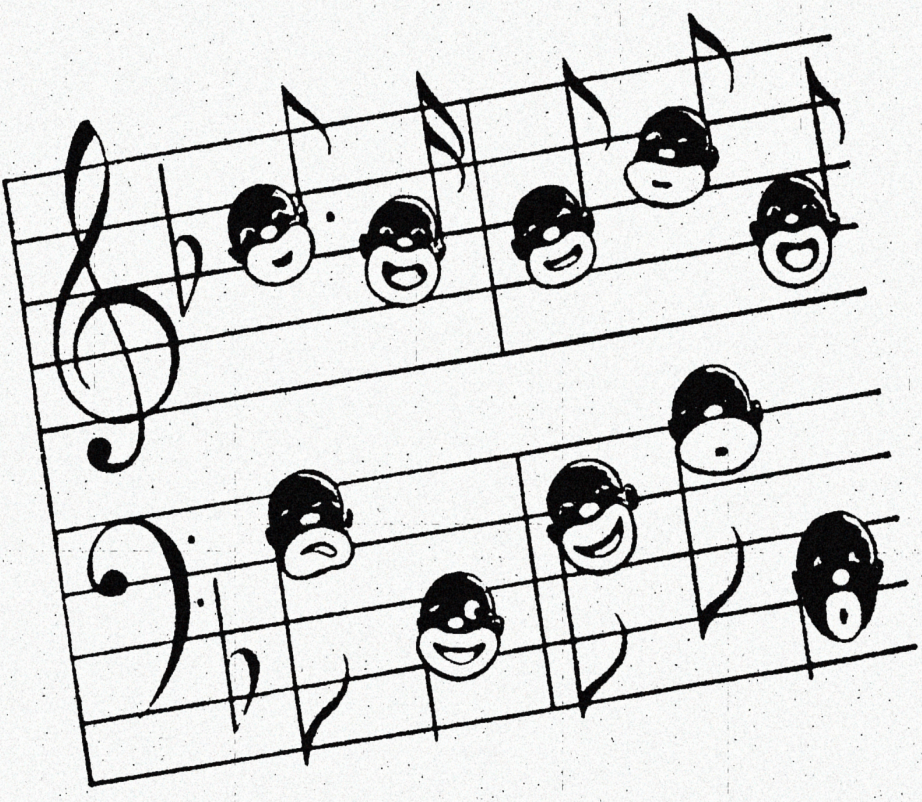
AMATEUR MINSTREL: "They do say that in English."

INTERVIEWER: "But I'se nebber heard dem say dat a nigga, any nigga, who habs him wits about himsef ,habs de screws tight."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "That's true. Where are you going with this?"

INTERVIEWER: "By de looks ob it, de hardbare sto'."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Anyway, I attached the tuner for the drone string to the side of the neck, did some carving



adjustments with the knife and used sandpaper to smooth out the edges of the neck. At this point *I was basically* done but I will say this about the strings: I believe nylon guitar strings would work fine, but in the case of the fishing line, these are the thicknesses of the strings that I used: 0.50mm for the melody strings, 0.70mm for the bass string, and 0.40mm for the drone string. Also, the banjo itself is fretless.

INTERVIEWER: "Fretless?"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Yes, it has no frets."

INTERVIEWER: "Reminds me when my neigh'bhor shot at me wid a gun."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "Why'd he do that?"

INTERVIEWER: "Kase I'se kissed on his ol' missus."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "So he was justified?"

INTERVIEWER: "Yessuh, I nebber said I wusn't guilty ob de crime, jas dat I nebber made no frets!"

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "I think I've explained the *topic* of discussion sufficiently."

INTERVIEWER: "Well dar it is, kusins, das how it am done."

AMATEUR MINSTREL: "It sure is."

END

THE LIFE OF

THE LIFE OF

THE LIFE OF

THE LIFE OF

WHICH / ONE

WHICH / ONE

WHICH / ONE

WHICH / ONE

WHICH / ONE

WHICH / ONE

WHICH / ONE

SAMBO

SAMBO

SAMBO

SAMBO

SAMBO

SAMBO

WHICH / ONE

CH / ONE

CH / ONE

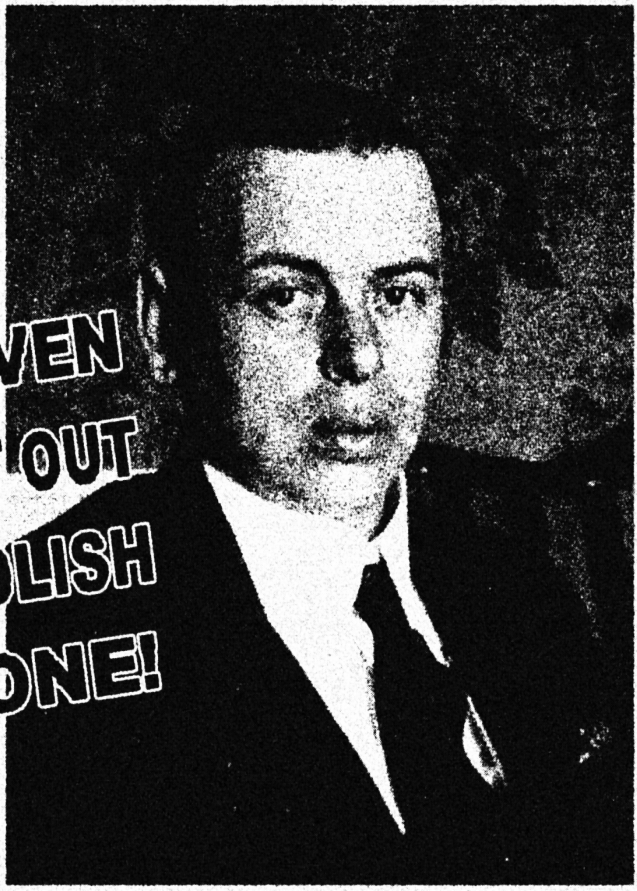
CH / ONE

CH / ONE

CH / ONE

WHICH / ONE

TODAY'S
SECRET
DARKIE



WE DIN'T EVEN
HAVE TA GET OUT
DE SHOE POLISH
FO' DIS ONE!

Béla COON

NEW COON SONGS & SKETCHES.

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Seal Ribs.

By Cornelious P. Rickashaw.

BONES. Mr. Interloculus!

INTERLOCUTOR. Yes, Mr. Bones?

BONES. What do de Eskuimaux eat?

INTERLOCUTOR. Interesting question, I believe they eat a lot of fish, also seals and perhaps whales.

BONES. Mhmm... seal ribs, [mouth watering.]

TAMBO. Do dey eben got's ribs?

BONES. Dey habe ta! wid all dat bouncin'.

TAMBO. I don't believe it.

BONES. Dey's come frum Adam, jas lak us, ob'kase dey got ribs! Dey jas went back in de waudda, lak de whale.

TAMBO. Say, missa' In'locuta, why did de whale go back in de waudda?

INTERLOCUTOR. I'm not sure, Tambo. Scientists say it has to do with a change in food sources.

TAMBO. How's dat?

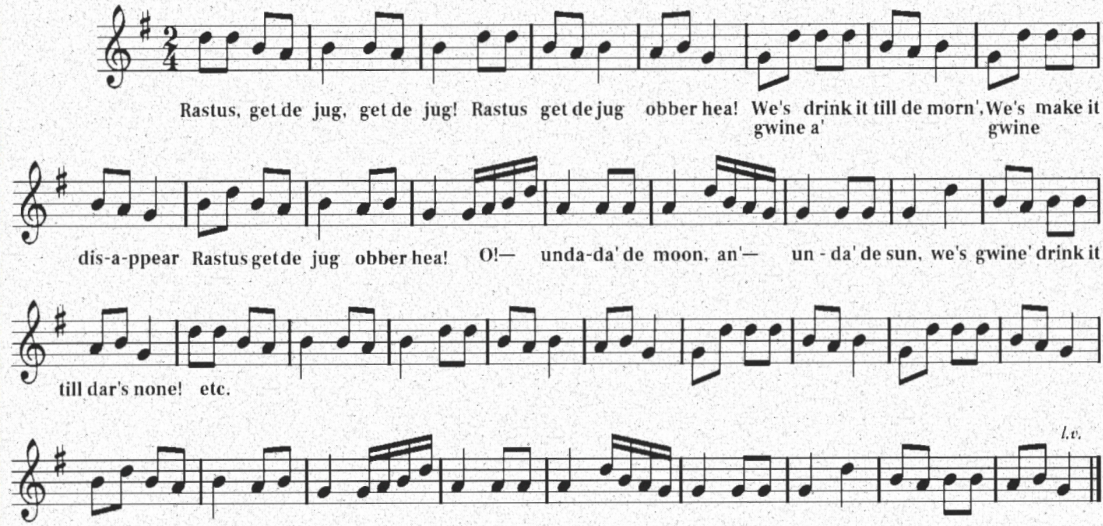
INTERLOCUTOR. What became whales had to seek out their food in the water and, slowly over time they adjusted to the new environment.

TAMBO. I don't believe it! [stamps foot.]

INTERLOCUTOR. How come, Mr. Tambo?

TAMBO. I'se nebber seen no nigga! learn ta swim, jas kase de possum ran into de pond!

[Everyone laughs.]

Music for 'Rastus Get de Jug'.

Rastus, get de jug, get de jug! Rastus get de jug obber hea! We's drink it till de morn', We's make it
gwine a' gwine
dis-a-ppear Rastus get de jug obber hea! O!— unda-da' de moon, an'— un - da' de sun, we's gwine' drink it
till dar's none! etc.
l.v.

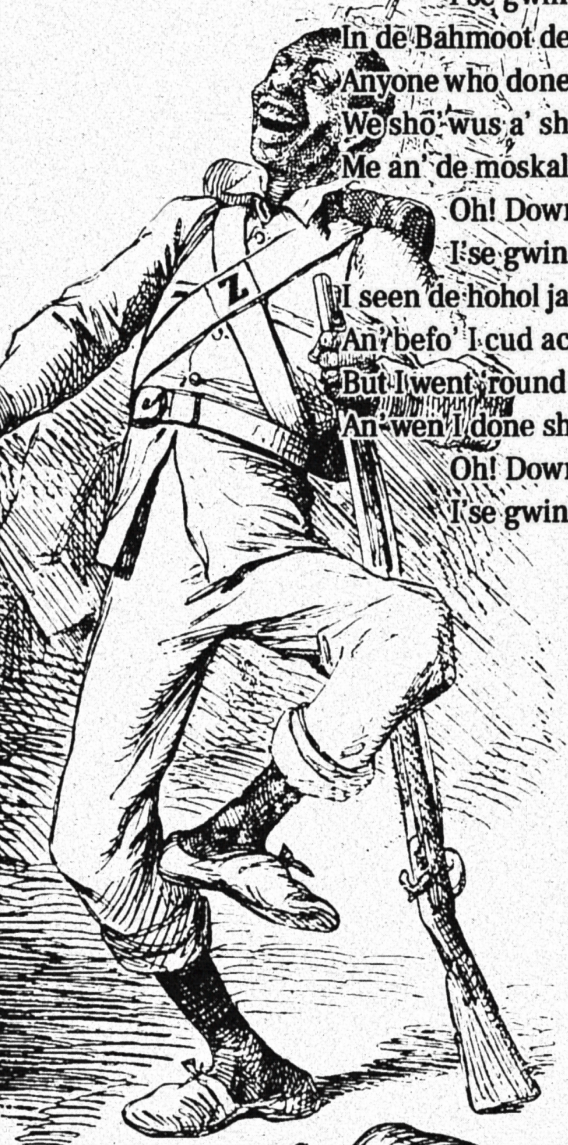
Rastus, Get de Jug!

By Kusin Toofpaste.

Rastus, get de jug, get de jug!
Rastus get de jug obber hea'!
We's gwine a' drink it till de morn',
We's gwine' make it disappear!
Rastus get de jug obber hea'!
Chorus: O! unda' de moon, an' unda de sun,
We's gwine drink it till dar's none!
Rastus, get de jug, get de jug!
Rastus get de jug obber hea'!
De bones click, de banjo play,
We's gwine drink it nite n' day
Rastus get de jug obber hea'!
Chorus: O! unda' de moon, an' unda de sun,
We's gwine drink it till dar's none!
Rastus, get de jug, get de jug!
Rastus get de jug obber hea'!
O! dat lightnin' sho' am white,
O! dat lightnin' sho' am' clear,
Rastus get de jug obber hea'!

Down in de Donetsk.

By Gimbus Fencesitta.



Oh! I'se come frum de Biafra, wit a rifle in my hands,
I'se gwine a' spread destruc'shen all across deze lands.
I'se torch de pigsty an' de trench; nobody am safe!
I'se gwine git dem rascals, an' put dem in de grave.
Oh! Down in de Donetsk, wit de moskal man,
I'se gwine kill de hohol, anybere I can!
In de Bahmoot de odder nite, we thot we wus dead,
Anyone who done peaked out, was blasted in de head.
We sho' wus a' shootin', an' we wus a' smol'drin'
Me an' de moskal man, a' boilin' in de cauldrin!
Oh! Down in de Donetsk, wit de moskal man,
I'se gwine kill de hohol, anybere I can!
I seen de hohol jamp de fence, wit de HIMBAH rig,
An' befo' I cud act, dat missurh dun roll in!
But I went 'round 'im, lak de possum, moughty quick,
An' wen I done shot my gun, he was sqeelin' lak de pig!
Oh! Down in de Donetsk, wit de moskal man,
I'se gwine kill de hohol, anybere I can!

Hale-le, Hale-lo!

By Tom Pickins.

Oh! I sho' lub de Lawd; Jesus is my frend,
He makes it so dat de grass do grow,
    Hale-le, hale-lo!
He multiply de fishes, an' multiply de bread,
He taught us so, dat yu reap wat yu sow,
    Hale-le, hale-lo!
I'se gwine meet him, wen dis darkie's dead!
I'se gwine be spotless lak de snow,
    Hale-le, hale-lo!

Negro Hitchens.

By Delirious Zanjee Johnson & Jib Hamslicer.

O! I'se an atiest, I don't believe in gawd,
    Kase if he done made dis worl', de cotton'd pick itself!
Dar wud be no suf'rin, an' chitlins wud gibe yu health!
    I'd eat de hawg from snout ta tail, an' leave behind de ears,
If dat big man wus up above, dar wudn't be no tears!
    But here I hang on dis tree, I'se swingin' low an' slow!
Don't tahk ta me 'bout de "pearly gates," ain't nuffin' dar fo' sho'!
    I'd tell yu mo', but it do seem dat I hab run out ob time;
An if dat big man was up above, he ain't no frend ob mine!

A Sketch About Marriage.

By Bob Buckwheat Biggums and Danny Pickledill Dabbins.

TWO real coons, **Mr. Shaw** and his dandified friend **Rufus**, having finished an illicit game of dice wherein Rufus had won a great sum for a darkie, turn to a discussion about marriage:

RUFUS. Mr. Shaw I'se com to a konklewshen.

SHAW. Wadeba' it may be, it bedda not concern dat hambone ober dar. [Eyes the hambone with intent to masticate.]

RUFUS. I'se gwine get married.

SHAW. Married?

RUFUS. Yes, married. Now dat I'se estalished mysefwif dis money, I'se gwine find a gil ta share my habbiness wid.

SHAW. [Thinking of a way to defraud his friend.] O! Das a bad deci'shun, Rufus. De pussy is a knife, de pussy is a dagger, de pussy dangerous; de pussy is a gun; pussy is a pair of brass knuckles! De marry'd life ain't all glimma' an' shine!

RUFUS. An' when I'se married, I'se gwine trow de big party.

SHAW. O! Das de giblets! Ta hab a wife is ta hab de happy life! De marry'd life is sweet lak watermelon from de vine! O! Yass, de big-big pawty, wif de oysters an' de wine, an' de scally-waps an' jip-japs an' possum pie!

RUFUS. Hey dar, les' not get quarried away naw!

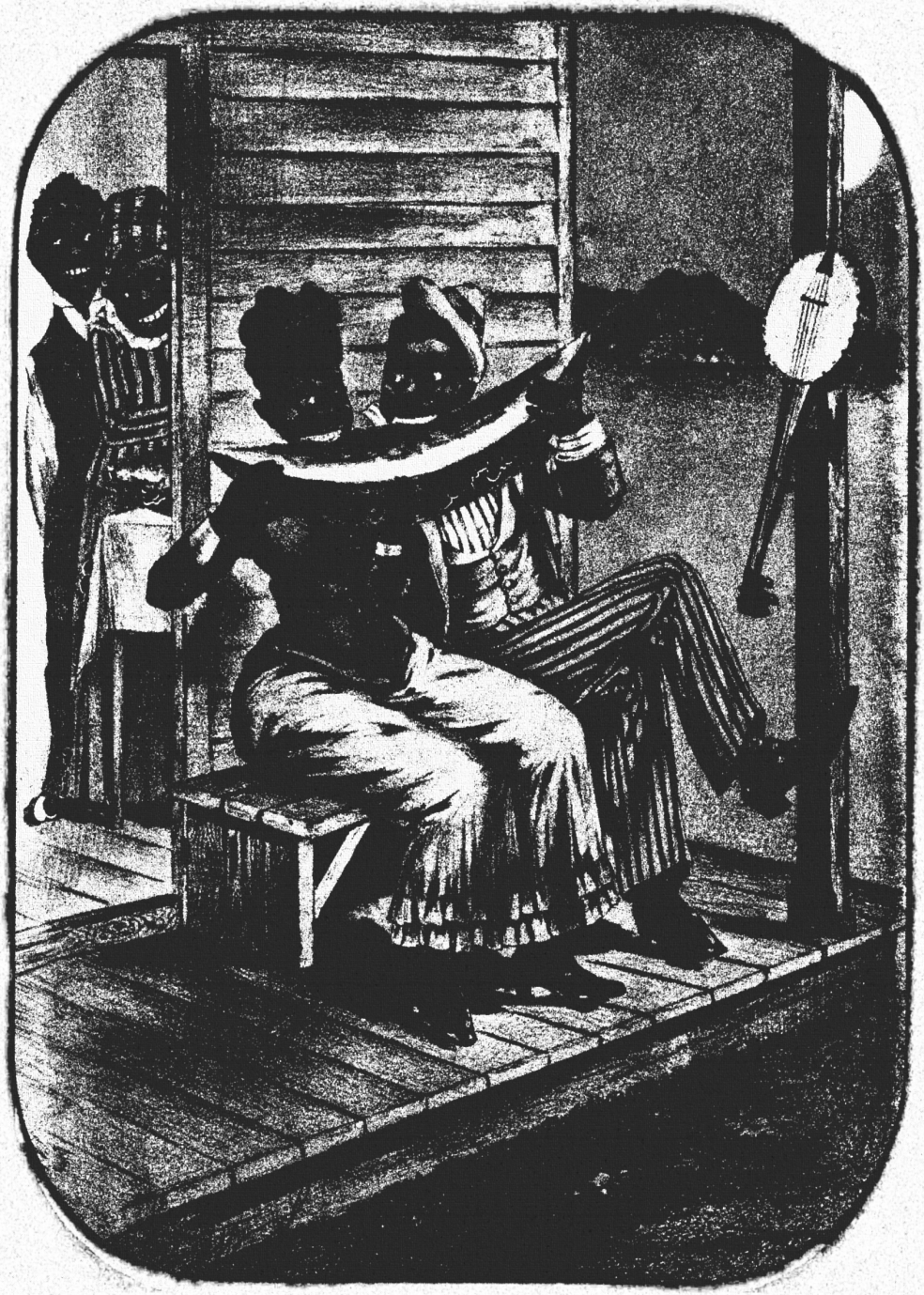
SHAW. An' ebery nigga in town gwine be dar! "Ol' Rufus got himsef a wife," dey gwine say! "Ol' Rufus gwine tak care ob ebryone wif all dem moneys he's got!"

RUFUS. Mr. Shaw, you have thurooly convinced me away from de pospects of marriage.

SHAW. How's dat?

RUFUS. Seein' de clear bicture ob de ekonomee of marriage, I'se decided ta keep ma money an' remain a bach'lor!

SHAW. [Eyes the hambone nervously.]



Salt am Kill'd mo' Niggas den de White Man Eber Cud.

By Delirious Zanjee Johnson & Tom Pickins.

Dat salt is a killa', it libes in de pork,
It hides in de possum dat is on my fork.
De salt's in de tears wen we sho' am sad,
I know it gwine kill me, but I'se not eben mad!
Oh! de—
Chorus: Salt am kill'd mo' niggas
Den de white man ebber cud,
It thick de blood an' stawp de heart,
But it sho' am good!
Sometimes dey put de salt on de melon ripe,
Ebery nigga eberywhere, dey eat it day an' nite.
I'se lob de salt in de food, but not in de sea,
Kase wen I try ta drink it, I'se bound fo' misery!
Oh! de—
Chorus: Salt am kill'd mo' niggas
Den de white man ebber cud,
It thick de blood an' stawp de heart,
But it sho' am good!

De Lawd.

By Danny Pickledill Dabbins.

De lawd is a slave,
    He worked six days
Now he a lazy ol' coon!
    He stawp pickin' de cotton,
Now da erf all rotton,
    He keep saying, "I'se coming back soon!"
But ob'cawse, dat ebber happen,
    Dar darky dun run off, speakin' in Latin!

THE END.